

WOSOLDIERS

A Phrilling Army Romance of the Western Prontier.

BU GAPT. GHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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As the big bell on the city hall had struck one, Capt. Lane appeared at the office of Vincent, Clark & Co., and was shown without delay into the private room of the senior partner. Mr. Vinbuilding, was seated at his desk and busfly occupied with a book of memoranda and figures. He pushed back his chair and came forw . : at once at sight of Lane, and motioned to the clerk to retire. The cavalryman's heart was beating harder then he had any recollection of its ever doing before, except in her presence, and he felt that his knees were trembling. But the old gentleman's greeting gave him instant hope: "I am glad you have come, my dear

dr; I am glad to know a man who was taught as I was taught. Young people newadays seem to rush into matrimony without the faintest reference to their parents, and your letter was a surprise to me—a surprise, that is, in the fact that you should have sought my permis-sion at all."

"Take this chair, captain," he continned, as he returned to his desk. "I have much to say to you," he added, with a sigh. "Let me say at once that from what I know and have heard of you there is no man of my acquaintance to whom I could intrust my daughter's future with more implicit confidence. It is true that both her mother and I had at one time other hopes and views for her, and that we wish your profession was not that of arms. And now I beg you to be patient with me, and to pardon my alluding to matters which you yourself broach in this-this most manful letter. You tell me that you are not dependent on your pay alone, but that from investments in real estate in growing cities in the west and in mines in New Mexico your present income is some five thousand dollars. As I understand you, the property is steadily increasing in value?" "It has steadily increased thus far,

dr, and I think it will continue to do so for several years to come—in real estate investments at least."

"I am glad of this, on your account as well as hers, for Mabel has been reared in comparative luxury. She has never known what it was to want anything very much or very long. She has been educated on the supposition that her whole life would be equally free from care or stint; and if I were to die tomorrow, sir, she would be a beggar." And here, in great agitation, the old

gentleman rose from his chair and began pervously pacing up and down the little room, wringing his white, tremulous hands and turning his face away from the silent soldier that he might not see piteous quivering of the sensitive lips. For a moment or two nothing more was said. Then, as though in surprise, Mr. Vincent stopped short.

"Did you understand me, Capt. Lane? least, I do not know how soon the ax will may be met en route by telegrams saying | drink the moment he got within the statethat the journey is useless-that we are ruined-and the money I hope to get in laughed, chatfed and cracked innumeraonly too late. Next month at this time a capital mimic, and could personate Pat, the house in which Mabel was born and Hans or Crapaud with telling effect, his every scrap and atom of its furniture, as better than a solid week of sunshine and we be driven into exile. Do you realize this, sir? Do you understand that if you win her affection and she becomes your wife I have not a penny with which | ly worrying his heart out. He had gone | children, and the merest kind of an accito bless her?"

then, at once if need be? You know I join my regiment within ten days."

"My full consent, and my best wishes, captain," said Mr. Vincent, grasping the outstretched hand in both his own. "You have not spoken to her at all?"

"Not a word, Mr. Vincent; and I can form no idea what her answer will be.

"My wife knows, of course, that everything is going wrong and that I am desmuch-in the last two years; but neither of them knows the real truth-that even my life insurance is gone. A year ago I out policies years ago. Of course a rigid two cases an offer to return with inter- better. est all the premiums hitherto paid. The physicians had all discovered serious yet with something akin to the feeling trouble with my heart. Last winter our one experiences when going to a dentist's it G troop that tried to get across the business was at it lowest ebb. I had to have a tooth drawn and the dreaded range from your command to ours when change in the past, and I strove to re- Lane retreated down the broad stone Mr. Hawks had been asking me about store our failing fortunes in that way. steps until he reached the walk, gazed My margins were swept away like chaff, up at the dim light in the window which and I have been vainly striving to regain he thought might be hers, anathematized them for the last three months, until himself for his lack of self possession in now the last cent that I could raise is not having asked whether there wasn't waiting the result of this week's deal. something he could bring her-some-Every man in all the great markets thing she would like-for the simple east and west knew three weeks ago that hearted fellow would have tramped all a powerful and wealthy syndicate had night all over town to find and fetch it-'cornered,' as we say, all the wheat to be and then a happy thought occurred to is Harry Hawks, of the artillery, a relahad, and was forcing the price up day him: "Women always love flowers." He | tive of yours?" by day; and I had started in on the ran to the next street, boarded a west wrong side. Even if the corner were to bound car, and was soon far down town break to-morrow I could not recover half at his favorite florist's.

obligations-we are gone. We have been compelled to borrow at ruinous rates in order to meet our calls; I say we, for poor Clark is with me in the deal, and it means ruin for him too, though he, luckwan light at the rear of the massive ily, has neither wife nor child. Are you ready, sir, to ally your name with that of a ruined and broken man-to wed a beggar's daughter?" And here poor old Vincent fairly broke down and sobbed aleud. Long watching, sleepless nights, suspense, wretched anxiety, the averted looks and whispered comments of the men he daily met on 'change, the increasing brusqueness and insolence of his broker, Warden-all had combined to humiliate and crush him. He threw himself upon the sofa, his worn old frame shaking and quivering with grief. The sight was too much for Lane. This was her father; it was her home that was threatened, her name that was in jeop

> "my. vincent," ne cried, almost imploringly, "I cannot tell you how uttermy sympathy is with you in your anxiety and distress. I beg you not to give way-not to abandon hope. I-I think it may be in my power to help a little; only-it must be a secret between us. She-Mabel must never know."



'Miss Mabel says please excuse penett,

In the three days that followed the sransfer of funds and property at the recruiting rendezvous took place, and Mr. Noel stepped in, vice Lane, relieved and ordered to join his regiment. The former was having a delightful time. A the tears that hung to the lashes or the | the Queen citizens, and every afternoon and evening found him enjoying hospitalities of the most cordial character. At the club he had already become hail-fellow with all the vounger element, and had made himself decidedly popular I do not exaggerate the situation in the among the elders, and every man who had not met that jolly Capt. Noel was fall. We are safe for today, but know eager to be presented to him. He was her lips perpetually framed inaudible innot what the morrow may bring forth. I ready for pool, billiards, bowling or a ly doorway; and, as he sang, whistled, New York to tide us over would come | ble jokes during the various games, was reared may be sold over her head, with presence was pronounced by every one ever, experienced. Poor Lane, on the contrary, was near-

"Mr. Vincent," answered Lane, "I which he had seen the father of the compelled to send her excuses at the last would hold myself richer than any man family off for New York, and had in this world if I could know that your nerved himself to put his fortune to the that your soldier expression?-to fill the daughter cared for me and would be my test-to tell her of his deep and devoted gap. wife. Do not think that I fail to sympa- love and to ask her to be his wife. That thize and feel for you and all who are she well knew he loved her, without dear to you in your distress and anxiety | being told, he felt sure must be the case; but I am almost glad to hear that she is but, beyond a belief that she liked and not the heiress people said she was. It trusted him, the captain had not the is Mabel I want,"-and here his voice faintest idea as to the nature of her feeltrembled almost as much as the old ings towards him. He was a modest man's, and his honest gray eyes filled up fellow, as has been said. His glass told with tears he could not down-"and with him that, despite a pair of clear gray her for my own I could ask nothing of eyes and a decidedly soldierly cut to his any man. I have your consent to see her, features, he was not what women called a handsome man; and, what was more, am relieved from duty here and must re- there were little strands of gray just beginning to show about his broad forehead and in the heavy moustache that shaded his mouth. Lane sighed as he remembered that he was in his 86th year. How could she care for him-fifteen years her senior? Lane rang the door bell that night and felt once more that Pardon me, sir, but has she or has Mrs. his heart was beating even as it did at Vincent any knowledge of your business | 1 o'clock when he was ushered into the awful presence of her father.

"Miss Vincent has not left her room today, and is not well enough to come perately harassed; Mabel, too, knows down to-night, sir," said the servant who that I have lost much money-very came to the door, "and Mrs. Vincent begged to be excused because of Miss thusiasm of his own descriptions, and Mabel's needing her."

"I-I am very, very sorry," stammered strove to obtain additional amounts in the captain. "Please say that Mr. Lane the three companies in which I had taken | called" (they had known him so well for two months as Mr. Lane that he could examination had to be made by the med- not yet refer to himself by his new title), ical advisers, and the result was the to- "and-and would call again to-morrow, tal rejection of my applications, and in hoping to hear Miss Vincent was much

And then, dejected and miserable, and ions on | wielder of the forceps proves to be away, | we neared the Guadalupe? Amos and

my losses. The offer the insurance com- "Give me a big box of cut flowerspanies made was eagerly accepted, sir; I took their money, and it dribbled away through my broker's fingers. If wheat a few lines on a card, tore it up, tried one winter when I was on staff duty in

that to fragments, and finally, though far from content, limited the expression of his emotions to the simple words:

"Do get well by Saturday at latest. I cannot go without seeing you. F. L." "Where shall we send them, sir?" asked the florist, as he came forward with the box in his hand

"Never mind; I'll take it myself," was the answer, as the captain popped in the

little missive. And when he got back to the house the light was still burning in the window in the second story, and the doctor had just left, said the sympathetic Abigail, and had said it was nothing serious or alarming; Miss Mabel would have to keep quiet a day or two; that was all.

But what hard luck for poor Lane, when the days of his stay were so very few! All Thursday morning was spent at the rendezvous, counting over property and comparing papers with Noel. Then, while that gentleman went to the club for luncheon the captain hastened to the Vincents' door to renew inoniries and was' measurably comforted by the

news that Miss Mabel was much better, though still confined to her room. Would he not come in? Mrs. Vincent was out, but she thought-did that most intelligent young woman, Mary Annthat perhaps there was a message for him. Like Mr. Toots, poor Lane, in his anxiety to put no one to any trouble, came within an ace of stammering: "It's of no consequence," but checked himself in time, and stepped into the bright parlor in which he had spent so many delicious hours listening to her soft, rich voice as she sang, or as she chatted blithely with him and her frequent guests. It was some time before Mary Ann returned. Evidently, there was a message, for the girl's face was dimpled with smiles as she handed him a little note. "Miss Mabel says please excuse pencil, sir; she had to write lying down. Miss Holton has just gone away, after spending most of the morning."

Excuse pencil! Lane could hardly wait to read the precious lines. How he longed to give the girl a five dollar bill! But this wasn't England, and he did not know how Mary Ann would regard such a proffer. She promptly and discreetly retired, leaving the front door open for his exit, and the sweet June sunshine and the roft warm breath of early summer flowing in through the broad vesti-

"How good you are to me!" she wrote. 'The flowers were-and are still-exquisite. I shall be down stairs a little while to-morrow afternoon, if the doctor is good to me as you are. Then I can thank you, can I not? M. L. V."

The hours dragged until Friday afternoon came. He had to go to the Withform, was the hero of the hour. He greeted Lane a trifle nervously.

"I meant to have telephoned and begged you to bear me out, old man," said he, "but this thing was sprung on me after I got home. Cousin Mattie simply ordered me to appear in my war paint, and I had to do it. You are to go in to dinner with her by the way; and I wish you were en grande tenue instead of civilian spike tail. Here's Amos."

And Amos marched him around to guest of the wealthy Witherses could not one guest after another-"self made long be a stranger within their gates to men, sir"-heavy manufacturers and money makers, with their overdressed wives. Lane strove hard to be entertaining to his hostess, but that lady's mind was totally engrossed in the progress of the feast and dread of possible catastrophe to style or service. Her eyes glanced nervously from her husband to the butler and lris assistants, and structions or warnings, and so it happened that the captain was enabled to Ant a good deal with a slight, dark eved and decidedly intelligent girl who sat to his right, and who was totally ignored by the young cub who took her in-the eldest son of the house of Withers, a callow youth of 20.

"You did not hear my name, I know," -something the Queen City rarely, if she had said to him. "I am Miss Marshall, a very distant connection of Mrs. Withers', the teacher of her younger to the Vincents' the very evening on dent at this table. Miss Faulkner was moment, and so I was detailed-isn't

> "And where did you learn our army expressions, may I ask?" said Lane smil-

"I had a cousin in the artillery some years ago, and visited his wife when they were stationed at the old barracks across the river. There's no one there now, I believe. Listen to Captain Noel: he is telling about Indian campaigns."

Indeed, pretty much everybody was listening already, for Noel, with much animation, was recounting the experiences of the chase after the Chiricahua chieftain, Geronimo. He was an excellent talker, and most diplomatic and skillful in the avoidance of any direct reference to himself as the hero of the series of dramatic incidents which he so graphically told, and yet the impression conveyed-and intended to be conveyed -was that no man had seen more, endured more or ridden harder, faster and farther, than the narrator. Flattered by the evident interest shown by those about him, and noting that conversation was brisk at Lane's end of the table, the lieutenant soon lost himself in the enwas only suddenly recalled to earth by noting that now the whole table had ceased its dinner chat, and that, with the possible exception of the hostess, who was telegraphing signals to the butler, every man and woman present was looking at him and listening. The color leaped to his face, and he turned to-

wards Lane with a nervous laugh. "I'd no idea I was monopolizing the talk," he said. "Fred, old man, wasn't

the chase after Geronimo." "Yes, it was G troop-Capt. Greene's,"

answered Lane. "You know that Capt. Lane and I are of the same regiment, and, though not actually together in the chase, we were in the same campaign," said Noel, apologetically, and then, quickly changing the subject: "By the way, Mr. Hawks,

"A nephew, captain-my brother Henry's son. Did you know him?" "Know him? Why, he is one of the warmest friends I have in the whole goes un one cent, we cannot meet our again on another, and similarly reduced Washington, and whenever he could set

leave to run up from the barracks he made my quarters his home. If you ever write to him just ask him if he knows Gorden Noel?"

"Do you know, Capt. Lane, that I have found your comrade captain a very interesting man?" observed Miss Marshall; and her eyes turned upon her next door neighbor in calm but keen scrutiny.

"Noel is very entertaining," was the reply; and the dark gray eyes looked unsmoningly into the challenge of the dark brown.

"Yes, I have listened to his tales of the frontier at breakfast, dinner and during the evening hours, since Sunday last. They are full of vivacity and variety.

"One sees a good deal of strange country and many strange people in the course of ten or a dozen years' service in the cavalry."

"And must needs have a good memgry to be able to tell of it all-especially when one recounts the same incident more than once." And Miss Marshall's lips were twitching at the corners in a manner suggestive of mischief and merriment combined

Lane "paused for a reply." Here was evidently a most observant young wo-

"There! I did not mean to tax your loyalty to a regimental comrade, captain; so you need not answer. Capt. Noel interests and entertains me principally because of his intense individuality and his entire conviction that he carries his listeners with him. 'Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety;' but there should not be quite so much variety in his descriptions of a single event. This is the fourth time I have heard him tell of the night ride from Carrizo's ranch to Canyon Diablo."

"You have the advantage of me, Miss Marshall," answered Lane, his eyes twinkling with appreciation of her demure but droll exposure of Noel's weak point. "It is the first time I ever heard his version of it."

"It is the last time he will mention it in your presence, if he saw the expres-

sion in your face, Capt. Lane." "Do those introspective eyes of yours look clear through and see out of the back of your head, Miss Marshall? Your face was turned towards him. You stopped short in telling me of your cousin in the artillery and your visit to the barracks, and bade me listen to something I did not care half as much to hear as your own impressions of garrison life. Never mind the quadruplex account of the night ride. Tell me what you thought of the army."

"Well, of course, the first thing a girl wants to know is what the shoulder straps mean; and I learned the very first day that the blank strap meant a erses to dinner on Thursday evening, second lieutenant, a single silver bar a and a dreary, ostentatious, ponderous first lieutenant and two bars a captainfeast it was. Noel, in his full dress uni- that is, in the artillery. Now, why this provoking distinction in the cavalry? Here's a captain with only one bar, a captain whose letters from the war department come addressed to Lieut. Gordon Noel!"

"Noel never speaks of himself as captian, I'm sure," said Lane.

"Neither do you; and for a year past, ever since I have known you by sight"and here a quick blusb mounted to her temples-"you occasionally came to our church, you know," she hastened to explain-"vou have been referred to as Lieut. Lane or Mr. Lane; but we know you are a captain now, for we saw the promotion recorded in the Washington despatches a fortnight ago. What was the date of Capt. Noel's elevation to that grade? I confess I took him for your junior in the service and in years too." "Yes, Noel holds well to his youth," answered Lane, smilingly.

"And about the captaincy?" "Well, he is so very near it, and it is so apt to come any day, that perhaps he thinks it just as well to let people get accustomed to calling him that. Then he won't have to break them all in when the commission does come.

"Then he is your junior, of course?" "Only by a file or so. He entered the service very soon after me." "But was not in your class at West

Point?" "No; he was not in my class."

"In the next one, then, I presume?" "Miss Marshall, is your first name Portia? I should hate to be a witness whom you had the privilege of cross examining. There are ladies 'learned in the law,' and I expect to read of you as called to the bar within a year or two." "Never mind, Capt. Lane. I will ask

you nothing more about him." "No, Miss Marshall, I presume that my clumsiness has rendered it totally unnecessary."

That night, as the guests were dispersing, Lane did what most of them entirely omitted; he went over to the piano and bade Miss Marshall good night.

"Capt. Lane," she said, "I beg your pardon if I have been too inquisitive and too critical, as I know I have been; but you have taught me that you know how to guard a comrade's fallings from the world. Will you not forgive a woman's weakness?"

"There is nothing to forgive, Miss Marshall. I hope sincerely that we may meet again before I go back to the regi

And later, as Lane was walking home ward from a final peep at the dim light in a certain window, he had time to think how intolerable that dinner would have seemed had it not been for the accident which placed that dark eyed governess by his side.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]



HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Swift's Specific has cured my little niece of white swelling of the worst type. More than twenty pieces of bone came out of her leg. She was not able to walk for eight months, and was on crutches a year. The doctors advised amputation, but I refused, and put her on S. S. S. The is now as well and playful as any child. MRS. ANNIE GEESLING, Columbus, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed

S WIFT SPECIFIC Co., Drawer 3. Atlanta, Ga. \$75 to \$250 A MONTH can be made preferred who can furnish a horse and give to eir whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities, B. F. Johnson & Co., 1000 Main St., Richmond, Va. UNSPOKEN LOVE.

Like a musician that with flying finger Startles the voice of some new instrum And, though he know that in one string are

All its extremes of sound, yet still doth linger Among the lighter threads, fearing to start The deep soul of that one melodious wire, Lest it, unanswering, dash his high desire, and spoil the hopes of his expectant heart. Thus with my mistress oft conversing, I Stir every lighter theme with careless voice,

Gathering sweet music and celestial joys
From the harmonious soul o'er which I fly; Yet o'er the one deep master chord I hover, And dare not stoop, fearing to tell—I love her. —William Caldwell Roscoe.

A COUNTRY CIRCUS.

"Cut, cut, ca-daw cut! Cut, cut!" Thus caroling her way the speckled hen flapped wildly around among Miss Terebinth Rockwell's dahlias and carnations, with that fair maiden following close in pursuit, her checked sunbonnet waved above her head like an ensign of war. Leander stood and watched the pursuit with the cool, impartial smile of a disinterested spectator until the speckled fugitive bethought herself to dart headlong into the sunny angle of the stone wall, where the scarlet spheres of ripening tomatoes basked on a rude wooden frame. At the supreme second he swooped noiselessly down from his unseen vantage point and seized Old

Speckle by her fluttering wings.
"Here's your fowl, Terebinth," said he.
"Well, I declare!" said Miss Terebinth, according a reluctant admiration to the deftness of the capture. "And I've been chasin' the creature this ten minutes! I'm goin' to have a fricassee for dinner."

"Company comin'?" "I mean to ask Elder Atkinson and his

"Don't ask 'em," said Leander. "Put t off till some other time, Terebinth." "For goodness' sake! why?" Leander drew three squares of yellow

pasteboard from his pocket. "Look," said he; "I've got tickets for the circus to-night-for you and me and Ally Ames."

Miss Terebinth's careworn visage brightened up. To these simple country folk the annual visitation of the circus signified opera, theatre, polo and athletic games all in one.

"Goodf" cried she, releasing the struggling hen. "Then I'll let Old Speckle go this time. But, Leander, have you asked Alice?"

"I'm going there now." "Are you sure she'll go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't she?" Terebinth hesitated as she tied the sunonnet strings under her chin.

"Perhaps that young English touris that boards at the hotel--Capt. Cassell they call him, don't they?"

Leander's handsome, sunburned visa darkened. "What of him?" said he, sharply.

"He may have asked her. Don't be vexed, Leander," she added, pleadingly. "Folks do say she's dreadful took up with him, and I don't know's I wonder so much arter I heard him talk t'other night to Mary Bailey's Chinese party. He's traveled most everywhere; and if you could hear him describe the tigers he killed in Ceylon and the elephants he's hunted on the Niger river"-

"Oh, hang the tigers and the elephants!" impatiently broke in Leander. 'I don't believe a word of it. I dare say he's all very well; but, for my part, I haven't much opinion of a fellow that loafs around a hotel piazza in hay making time, doing nothing, with a white scarf on his hat, and a sash, for all the world like a girl's, tied around his waist!"

"It's the fashion," said Terebinth. "A queer fashion, I think," comment-

ed Leander. "He's a very brave man-a regular hero," went on Terebinth. "He served in her majesty's White Heeled Horse once during a London riot, and"-

"And did wonders, I don't doubt," interrupted Leander. "But I don't see what all this has to do with us and Calumet's circus."

He took up his hat from the grass where it had been reposing among buttercups and white clover blossoms all this time, and started off at a brisk walk. Terebinth looked !dolefully after

"Poor Leander," said she, half aloud, 'I'm afraid he's going to be badly disap-

Alice Ames was sitting on the porch under the green, shifting shadows of the hop vines shelling Lima beans to dry as Leander Rockwell's fine, tall figure came swinging up the path. He was very handsome, thought the girl, but he lacked the ease and polish of the dapper little captain of "her majesty's White Heeled Horse." His clothes bore evidence of country cut-his boots were powdered with dust, and his face was

bronzed with August heats. "How do you do, Ally?" said he, and Alice, remembering the deferential manner with which the captain always addressed her as "Miss Ames," answered, with a toss of her head:

"I'm pretty well, thank you!" "I've been gettin' some tickets for the circus to-night, Ally," said he, plunging con amore into his subject! "Will you go with me?"

"Thank you, ever so much," said she, stooping for a fresh handful of the velvety, green pods, "but I've promised Capt. Cassell to go with him!" "Humph!" observed Leander, "so I'm

too late?" "Yes, a little too late." "Is it to be always so, Ally?" "I don't know what you mean, Lean-

fore this boasting captain of horse came "I like you well enough now, Leander." "Well enough to marry me?"

"You used to care for me a little be-

"I don't think you're justified in asking me any such questions," said Alice, jumping up and retreating hurriedly into the house. "I understand," remarked Leander,

miss his occupation. Well, good afternoon. Ally, Terebinth and I will have to go to the circus by ourselves, I sup-The mammoth tent on Durkill com-

mon was crowded that night. Calumet's circus was a local celebrity and had been widely advertised. The rural population had not many opportunities of enjoy-

rarther back sat Leander Rockwell with Miss Terebinth and her friend, Hannah Binns, beside her, a plain little seam-stress body, who had been asked at the eleventh hour-"sooner than waste the ticket," thrifty Miss Terebinth had said. One by one the "unparalleled attractions" had been put forward—the time worn clown, the spangled columbine, trained elephants, the bicycle riders and the swarthy snake charmer, with the gold crescents dangling from his ears and the great glittering stage diamond in the front of his turban.

"Oh, isn't it wonderful!" cried Alice Ames.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," answered Capt. Cassell, tapping the ivory knob of his cane against his teeth. "But those rattlesnakes don't compare in size to a cobra capello I once killed in our tent at Dungapore when"-

And the rounds of applause drowned the end of his sentence. "Ah! a tiger taming act!" said the captain, consulting his programme. "'The Marvelous Signor Mahmelli and his pupil, Rajah!' Call that a Bengal tiger, do they? I wish you could have seen the fellow I shot, that last summer in the jungles at Hoodah. My sister has his skin on her drawing room floor now, made into a rug. It had killed four men and a sacred ox, and the natives called him 'The Scourge of the Shore.' Oh, yes, I don't deny that the fellow handles him very neatly, but"-

At that second, just when the "Beast of the Tropics" was drowsily going through with his list of accomplishments, the lash of his keeper struck a trifle sharper than usual, or some other unseen cause ignited the powder magazine of the animal's slumbering savagery. With a ferocious roar he sprang forward, felling the keeper with a single blow of his paw, and leaped toward the row of

footlights, whose fitful flicker seemed to irritate him as a red rag enrages a bull. There was a shriek, a rush, a moment or two of wild confusion. Ally Ames uttered a scream. Capt. Cassell had turned as pale as a tallow candle.

"We'd better get out of this," said he, hoarsely. "Quick! quick!" But Alice, paralyzed by fear, sat as still as death.

"I-I can't move!" she gasped. "1 think I'm going to faint." The captain hesitated a second, and

finally decided matters by taking to his heels, with the rest of the flying crowd. Alice shut her eyes with a cold shudder; she could not see the tawny death spring upon her; but in a moment she opened them again at the sound of a triumphant shout that went up around her.

Leander Rockwell was in the arent lately occupied by the vanquished band, struggling with the savage monster. She could see his set teeth, the veins standing out on his forehead, the red fire in his eyes, and she knew that it was for life or death.

"After all," said the minister, "these circuses are sinful risks to human life. 1 shall never see my way clear to attending one again. Suppose that brave young fellow had been killed before our face and eyes in the noble effort he made to save our lives."

"Golly, though, pa, wasn't it grand?" said John Henry, the good man's eldest hope. "'Most equal to a Spanish bullfight. Everybody knows that Lee Rockwell's the strongest fellow in Durkill Four Corners, but the old tiger'd got the best of him if it hadn't been for that lick Lee gave him over the head with the sharp edge of the cornet that the music men had dropped when they got under the stage, like lightning. It was as good as a Damascus scimeter, Lee says, and once stunned, it was easy enough for the property men to kill him. It'll be an awful loss to the circus folks, though," reflectively added John Henry. "There ain't many tigers of that size in

the traveling ring in this country." "But wasn't it funny, husband," said the minister's wife, "about Capt. Cassell's being found hiding under the manger in the trained ponies' stalls, with the door tightly locked. A man who, according to his own account, has killed scores of leopards and half a dozen elephants in India, and is afraid of nothing. I'm told that the engagement between him and Alice Ames is off, and that she is spending a week with Terebinth Rock- mitting either your interest or principal well. The fright and the danger have

made poor Terebinth quite ill." But if the minister's wife had only known it. Terebinth was a great deal better now, and she and Ally were busy making a gown of white surah silk, with a great deal of soft lace and ribbon bows above it.

"Because," said Ally, laughing, "Leander says he won't wait-and a man who can conquer a tiger oughtn't to be contradicted by a woman." "You really love me, then?" said Le-

"I really love you," repeated Alice. "And oh, Leander! I am so very, very proud of you!"-Amy Randolph in New York Ledger.

It Must Be Stopped. Something will have to be done to stop this drain. It has been figured out that thirty-six American girls have within the last few years married impecunious foreign princes, dukes and counts. and carried away to Europe upward of \$44,000,000 cold, clammy casb. Nothing is easier than to pass a general law forbidding American girls who marry abroad taking more than about \$1,500 off with them. The government should confiscate the remainder of their inheritance for the benefit of educational funds.-Nebraska State Journal.

It was not until 1669 that Picard, under the auspices of the French Academy of Sciences, reduced the degree to anything like a certainty. His plan was to connect two points by a series of triangles, thus ascertaining the length of the arc of a meridian interwith the difference of latitudes found IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE grimly. "I don't stand any chance by making celestial observations. The alongside of the tiger hunting hero. It's stations used were Melvoisine, in the a pity we haven't a few wild beasts in vicinity of Paris, and Sourdon, near these woods to kill. The captain must Amiens. While these measurements were being made a discussion arose as to the interpretation of them, some affirming that they indicated a prolate, others an oblate spheroid. The former figure may be popularly

represented by a lemon, the latter by an orange. To prove which was right Picard's observations were extended far ment and did not propose to let this one to the north and south, one expedition going to Peru, the other to Lapland. go by default. Every one was there, going to Peru, the other to Lapland. from Elder Atkinson and his wife down The Peruvian expedition worked nine from Elder Atkinson and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched looking better half. Capt. Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied

The Peruvian expedition worked nine years on the question, the Lapland about five. The results of the measures of the measures of the measures of the measures occupied the theorem.

I have a few thousand dollars here in bank which I wish to place in the next thirty days in first mortgages on farms at low rates, with privilege of paying at any time.

Lapland about five. The results of the measures occupied the theorem and his wife down to little Michael Ryan, the cobbler, and his pinched looking better half. Capt.

Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied the theorem are the complex of the measures of th his pinched looking better half. Capt. Cassell and pretty Alice Ames occupied a conspicuous front seat and a few rows retical expectations of the oblate form.

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